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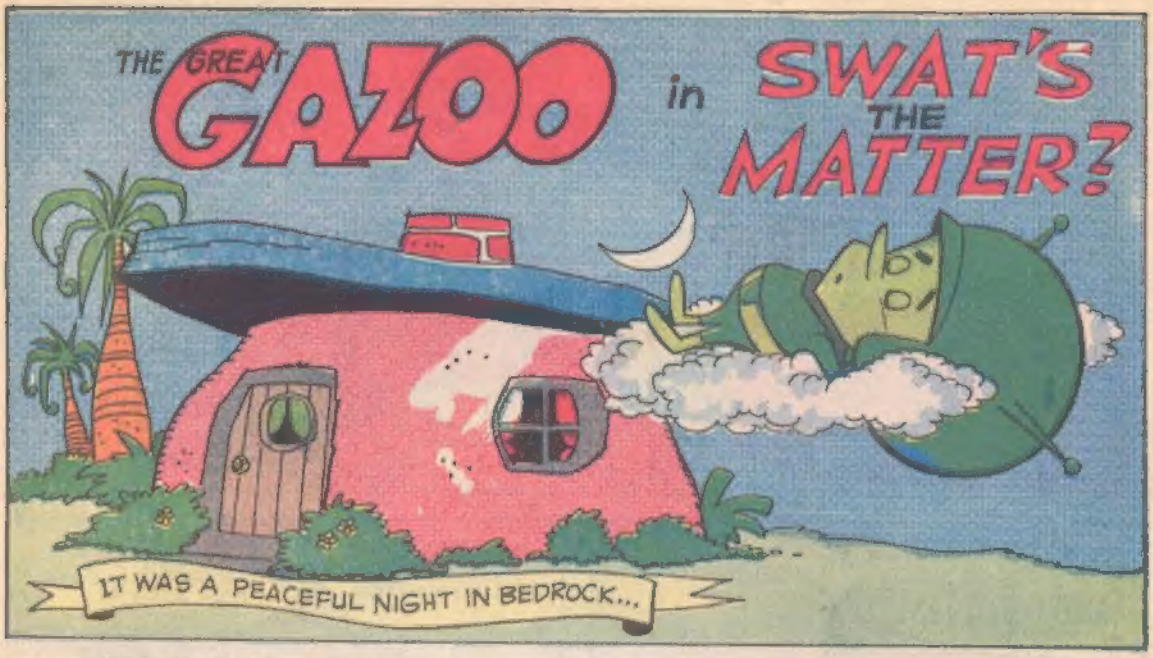
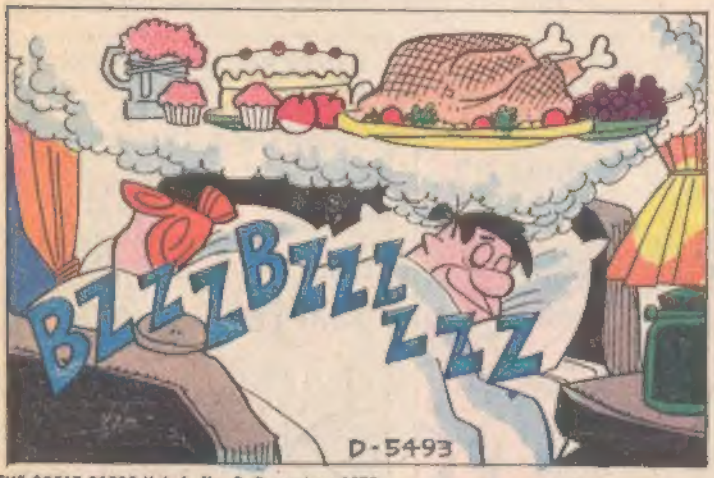
# THE GREAT GAZOO

a Hanna-Barbera Production





GREAT GAZOO

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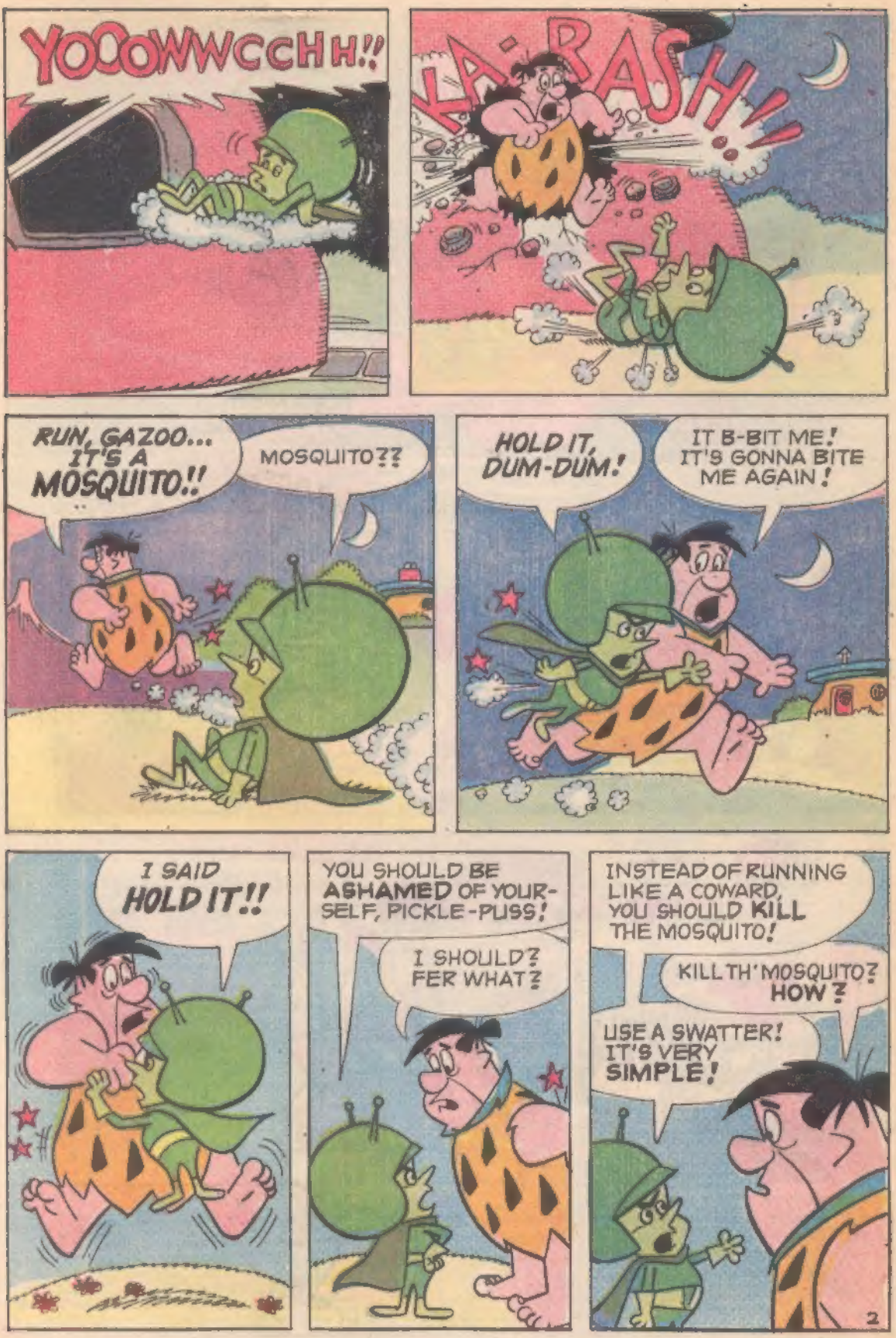
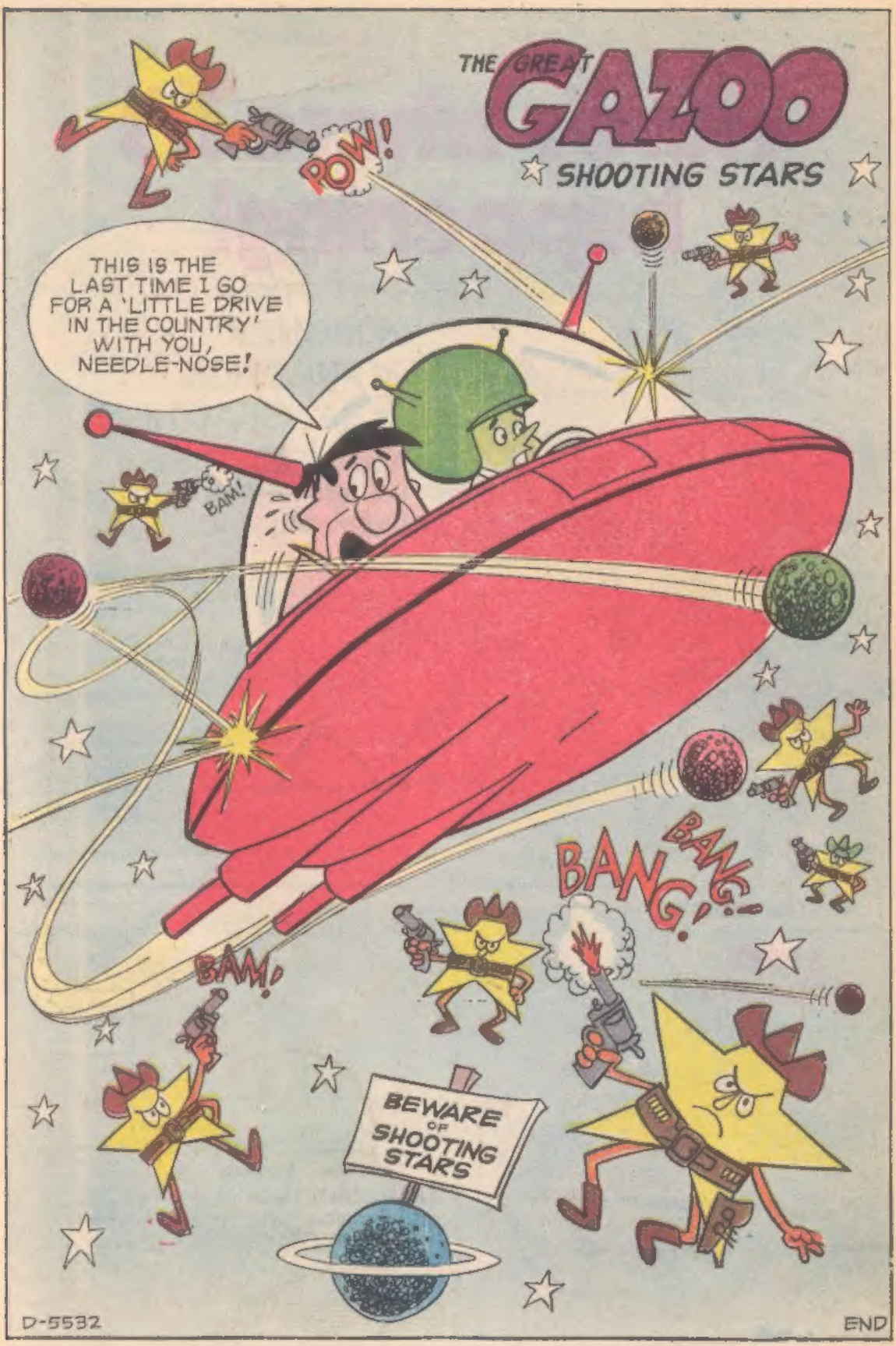

YOOOWWCCHH!!
KA-BASH!!
RUN, GAZOO... IT'S A MOSQUITO!!
MOSQUITO??
HOLD IT, DUM-DUM!
IT B-BIT ME! IT'S GONNA BITE ME AGAIN!
I SAID HOLD IT!!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, PICKLE-PUSS!
I SHOULD? FER WHAT?
INSTEAD OF RUNNING LIKE A COWARD, YOU SHOULD KILL THE MOSQUITO!
KILL TH' MOSQUITO? HOW?
USE A SWATTER! IT'S VERY SIMPLE!
2

I NEVER SEEN A MOSQUITO SWATTER, GAZOO!
I'LL DRAW ONE FOR YOU! YOU CAN MAKE ONE YOURSELF!
SNAP!!
A MOSQUITO SWATTER HAS A HANDLE LIKE THIS... AND A SQUARE PART AT THE END YOU HIT THE MOSQUITO WITH!
OH! DUH... I THINK I CAN MAKE IT!
NEXT NIGHT...
BUZZ BUZZ
YOOWCCHH!!
CRAAASSH!
BUZZ BUZZ
MISSED!

CRASSSHH!!
BUZZ BUZZ
MISSED AGAIN... BUT I'LL GETCHA!
STOP IT, FRED! COOL OFF!!
WHU..?? OH... IT'S YOU!
FRED, YOU FATHEAD! WHY DID YOU MAKE A SWATTER THAT BIG?
TO KILL TH' MOSQUITO... LIKE YA SAID, GAZOO!
YOU DON'T NEED A SWATTER THAT BIG TO KILL A MOSQUITO, FLINTSTONE!
YA NEVER SAW A BEDROCK MOSQUITO, DID YA, GAZOO? WELL, TURN AROUND!
BUZZ BUZZ
DO SOMETHING, DUM-DUM!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, NEEDLE-NOSE?
PUT ME DOWN!
THE END


THE GREAT GAZOO
SHOOTING STARS
POW!
THIS IS THE LAST TIME I GO FOR A 'LITTLE DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY' WITH YOU, NEEDLE-NOSE!
BAM!
BANG!
BANG!
BAM!
BEWARE OF SHOOTING STARS
D-5532
END

# THE GREAT GAZOO in GET GAZOO'S GAZETTE!

THERE'S THE ZILTOX GAZETTE!... ...AND HERE COMES FLAP-EARED FLINTSTONE!!

YOO HOO, GAZOO!

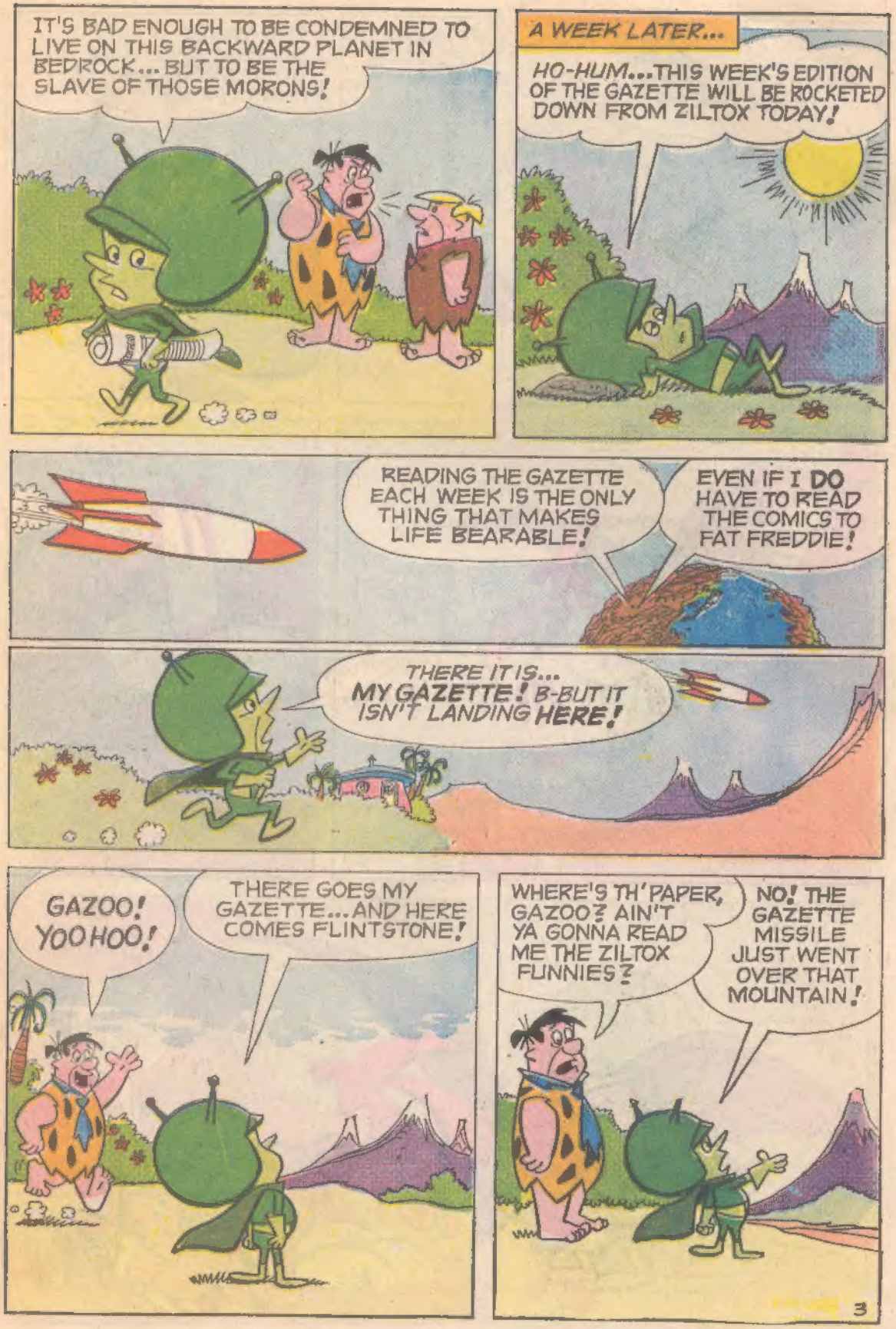
D-5494

LET ME READ THE HEADLINES AND EDITORIAL PAGE FIRST, YOU FATHEAD!

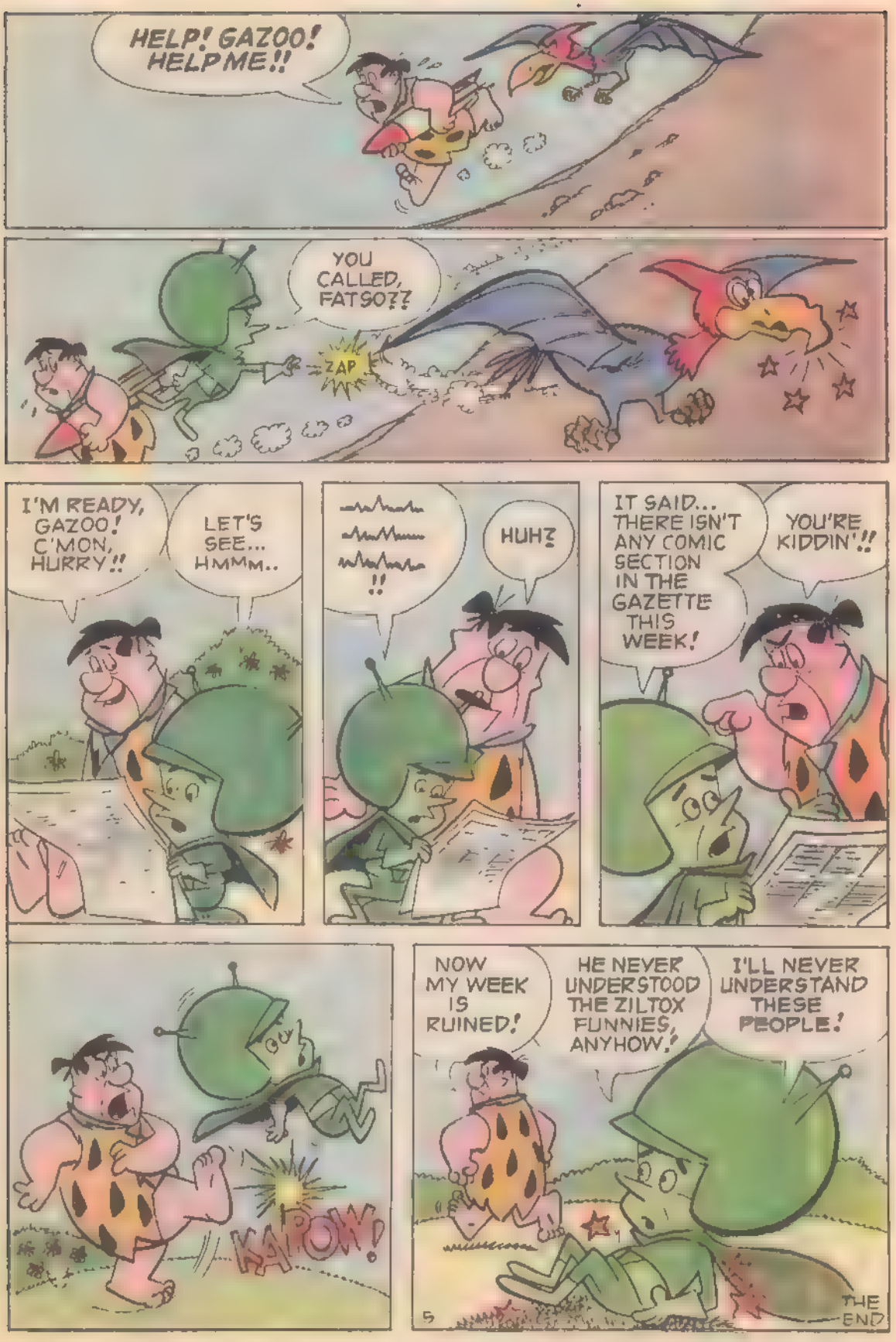
PLEASE, GAZOO? PRETTY PLEASE WITH SUGAR ON IT ??

OH, ALL RIGHT, FREDDIE... I'LL READ THE ZILTOX GAZETTE COMICS TO YOU!

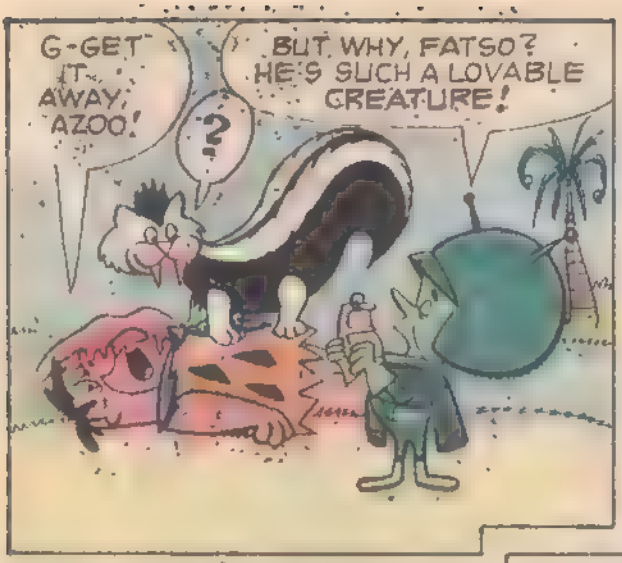
I'LL START WITH ..., OKAY?
YEAH, YEAH... THAT'S THE ONE I LIKE BEST!
...!!
THAT'S A RIOT!!
...!!
THERE, FATSO! HOW DID YOU LIKE THAT GAG?
OH, WOW!!
HOHO HAHAHA HEE!!
HOHOHO HAHAHA
IF I HADN'T BEEN RESCUED BY FLINTSTONE AND RUBBLE I COULD IGNORE THE STONE-AGE STOOPS!
AS IT IS, I HAVE TO SERVE FRED AND BARNEY UNTIL MY MASTERS ON MY HOME PLANET LET ME RETURN!
HOW 'BOUT READIN' ME ANOTHER ONE, GAZOO?

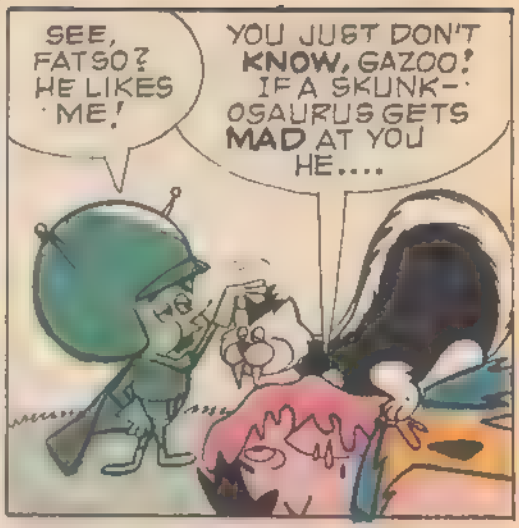

IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE CONDEMNED TO LIVE ON THIS BACKWARD PLANET IN BEDROCK... BUT TO BE THE SLAVE OF THOSE MORONS!
A WEEK LATER...
HO-HUM...THIS WEEK'S EDITION OF THE GAZETTE WILL BE ROCKETED DOWN FROM ZILTOX TODAY!
READING THE GAZETTE EACH WEEK IS THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES LIFE BEARABLE!
EVEN IF I DO HAVE TO READ THE COMICS TO FAT FREDDIE!
THERE IT IS... MY GAZETTE! B-BUT IT ISN'T LANDING HERE!
GAZOO! YOO HOO!
THERE GOES MY GAZETTE...AND HERE COMES FLINTSTONE!
WHERE'S TH' PAPER, GAZOO? AIN'T YA GONNA READ ME THE ZILTOX FUNNIES?
NO! THE GAZETTE MISSILE JUST WENT OVER THAT MOUNTAIN!

UNLESS... YOU CLIMB THAT MOUNTAIN AND RECOVER MY ZILTOX GAZETTE FOR ME!
SURE, GAZOO! I'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME AT ALL!
PANT PANT
IT'S WEIRD WHAT SOME PEOPLE WILL DO TO READ THE FUNNY PAPERS!
PUFF PUFF
PUFF! THERE IT IS!
GOT IT!!
OH OH!
4

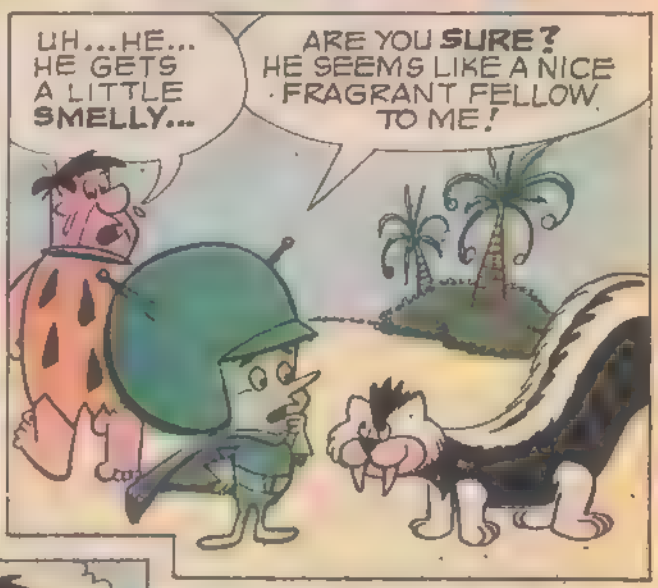

HELP! GAZOO! HELP ME!!
YOU CALLED, FATSO??
ZAP
I'M READY, GAZOO! C'MON, HURRY!!
LET'S SEE... HMMM..
!!
HUH?
IT SAID... THERE ISN'T ANY COMIC SECTION IN THE GAZETTE THIS WEEK!
YOU'RE KIDDIN'!!
KAPOW!
NOW MY WEEK IS RUINED!
HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE ZILTOX FUNNIES, ANYHOW!
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THESE PEOPLE!
THE END

THE GREAT GAZOO
in... THE UNINVITED GUEST
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, FRED! YOU'RE EATING TWO PIECES OF STRAWBERRY CAKE AT THE SAME TIME....
HEE HEE HEE
WILMA AND BETTY CAN'T EVEN SEE THE GREAT GAZOO!
LU-LOOK!!
D-5531
RUN! IT'S A SKUNKOSAURUS!
HUH?
H-HELP, NEEDLE-NOSE! .... IT'S A SKA-SKA-SKUNKOSAURUS!
SO I SEE! CUTE LITTLE FELLOW, ISN'T HE?
1

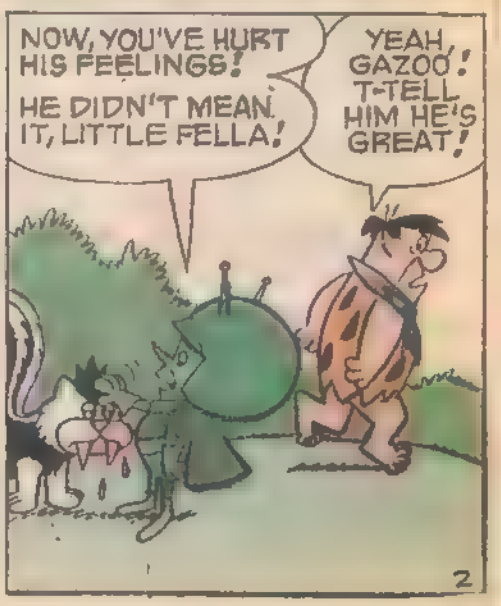

G-GET IT AWAY, AZOO!
?
BUT WHY, FATSO? HE'S SUCH A LOVABLE CREATURE!


SEE, FATSO? HE LIKES ME!
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW, GAZOO! IF A SKUNK-OSAURUS GETS MAD AT YOU HE....

HE'LL DO WHAT, FLINTSTONE? COME, COME, MAN... OUT WITH IT!!

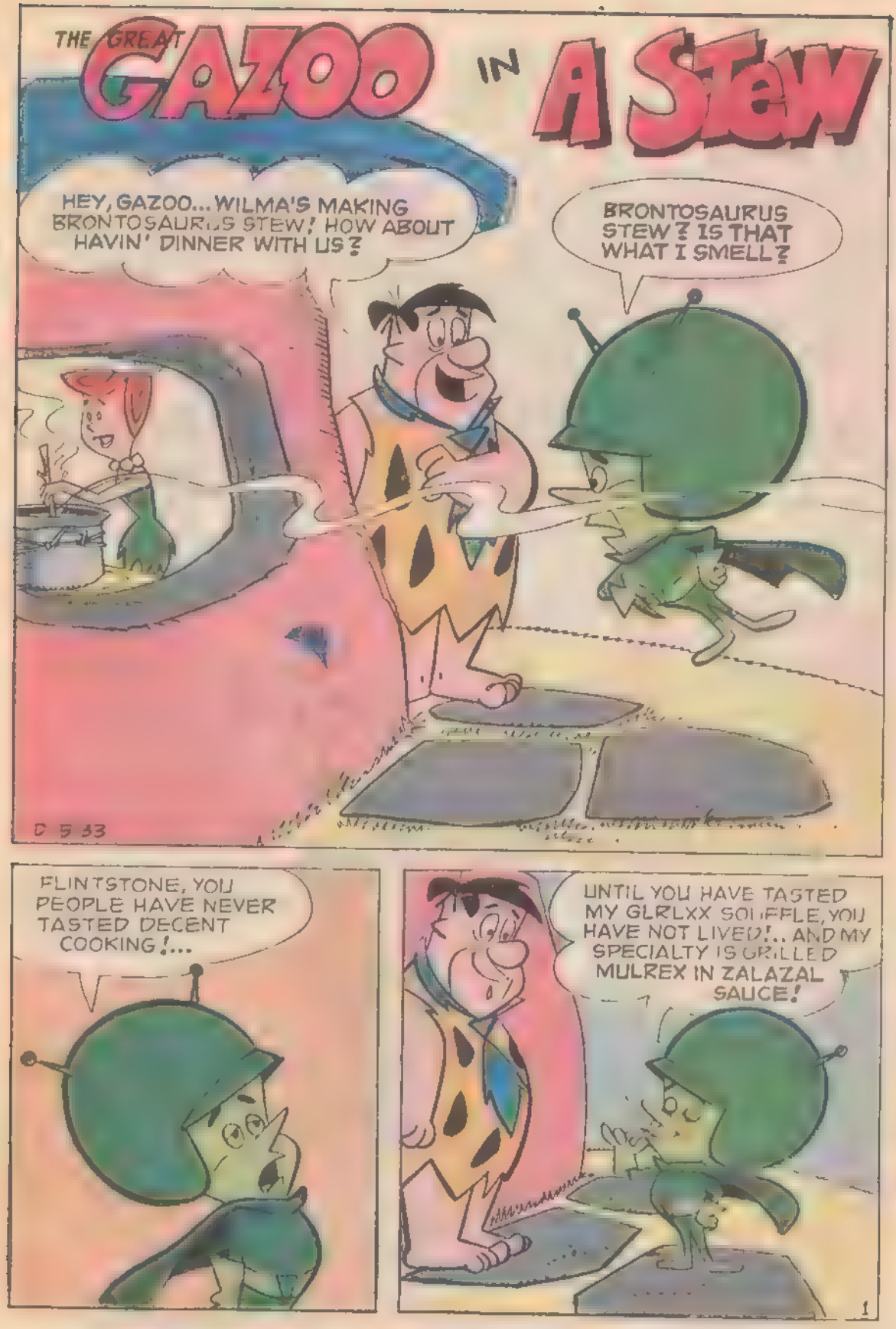

UH... HE... HE GETS A LITTLE SMELLY...
ARE YOU SURE? HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE FRAGRANT FELLOW TO ME!

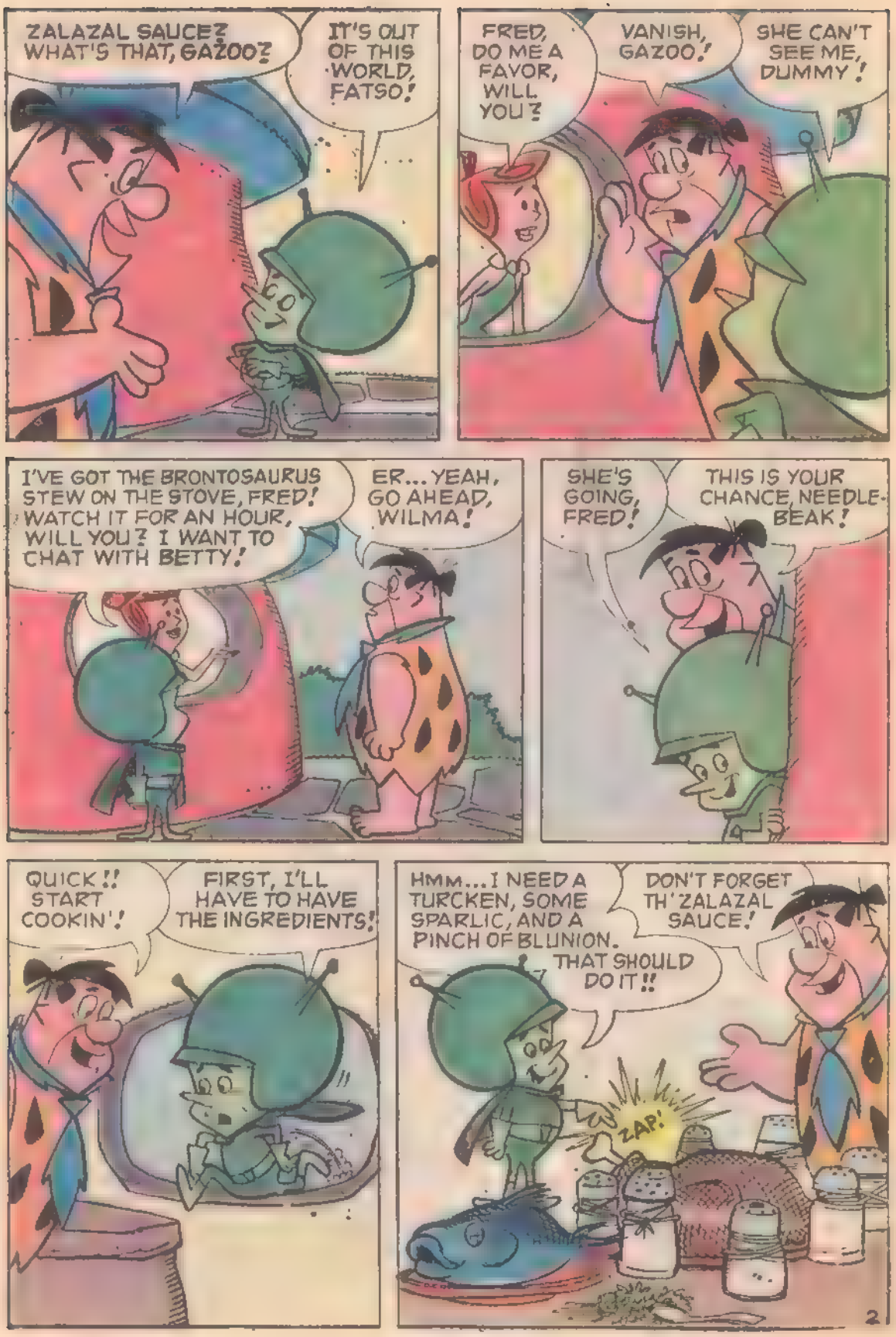
OH YEAH? YOU'LL FIND OUT... AFTER HE DOES HIS STUFF, THEY'LL NEVER LET YOU BACK TO ZILTOX!


NOW, YOU'VE HURT HIS FEELINGS!
HE DIDN'T MEAN IT, LITTLE FELLA!
YEAH, GAZOO! T-TELL HIM HE'S GREAT!

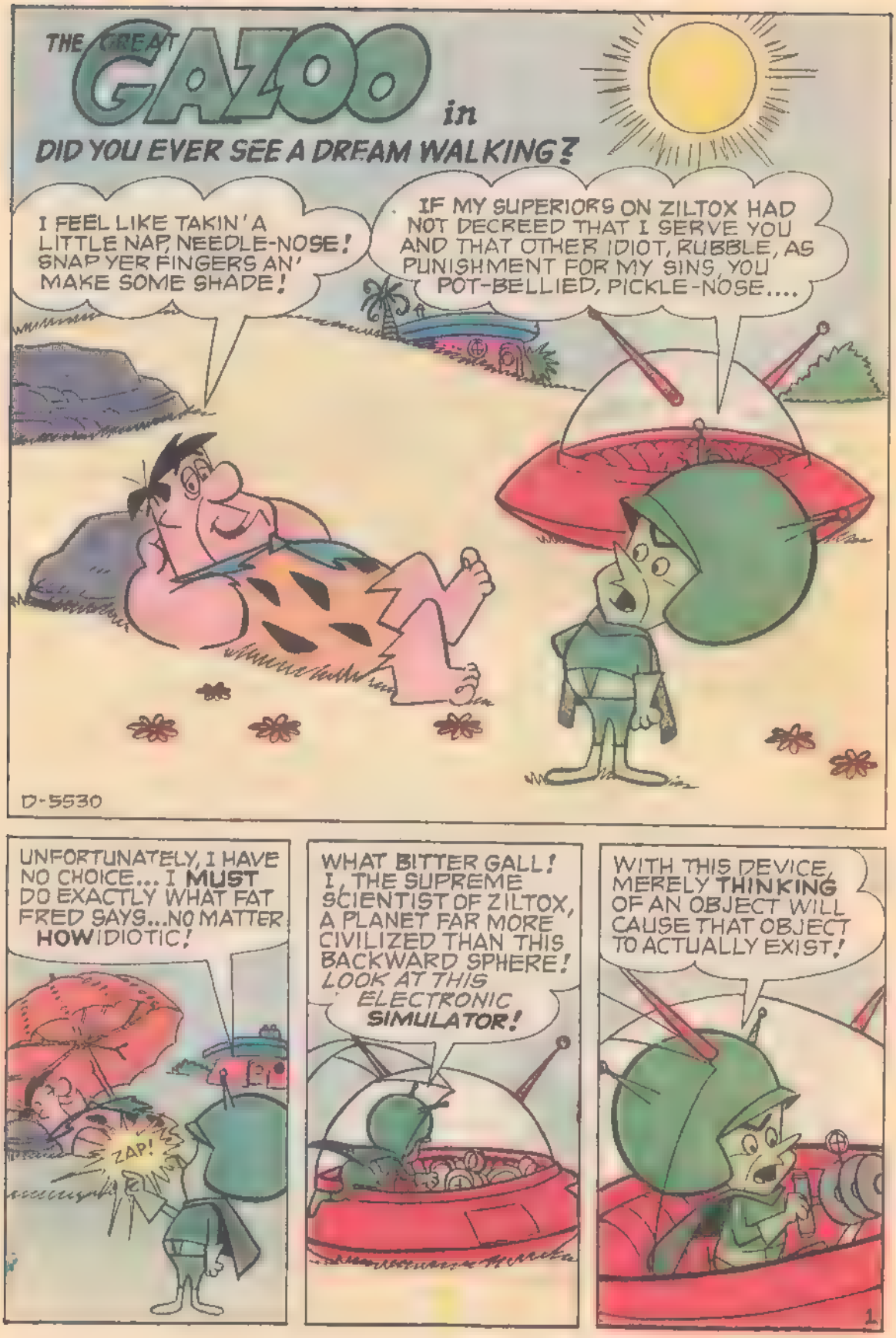
COME ON, LITTLE FRIEND...WE'LL HAVE OUR OWN PICNIC!
IS HE GONE, FRED?
YEAH, BARNEY... I THINK SO!
POP
FRED FLINTSTONE! YOU'RE A COWARD, LETTING THAT SKUNK-OSAURUS RUIN OUR PICNIC!
THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, BARNEY!
WHAT COULD WE DO??

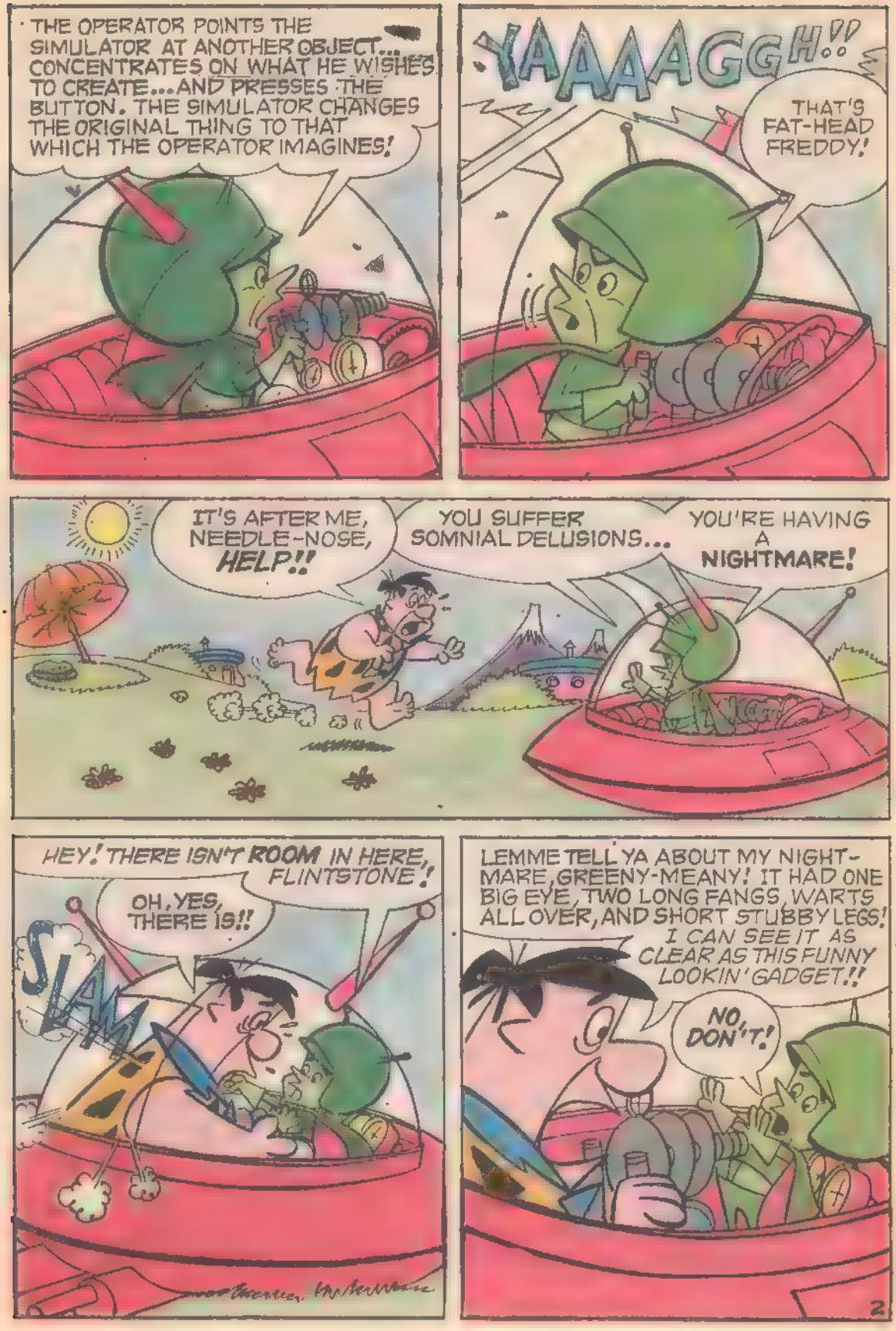
HURRY WITH THE BRONTOSAURUS STEAKS, BOYS... WE'RE STARVED!
AND IF THAT SKUNK-OSAURUS COMES BACK, YOU TWO HAD BETTER NOT RUN!
G-GAZOO, YA GOTTA H-HELP ME!
WHAT IS IT, FUDGY-PUSS?
G-GET RID OF THAT SKUNK-OSAURUS! IF HE GETS MAD... IT'LL BE BAD!
HE DONE IT TO US!
FRED! IT'S TERRIFIC... LIKE AFTER SHAVE LOTION... OR EXPENSIVE PERFUME!
SNIFF SNIFF
IT WAS SIMPLE, FEARLESS FREDDY! I JUST GAVE HIM THE OL' SNAPEROO... AND DE-STUNK THE SKUNK!
OH, WOW!
LIKE I ALWAYS SAID, YER A GREAT GUY!
JUST DON'T GET TOO CLOSE, BULGE-BELLY ...I DIDN'T DO TOO GOOD A JOB ON THE SKUNKOSAURUS!
THE END
4

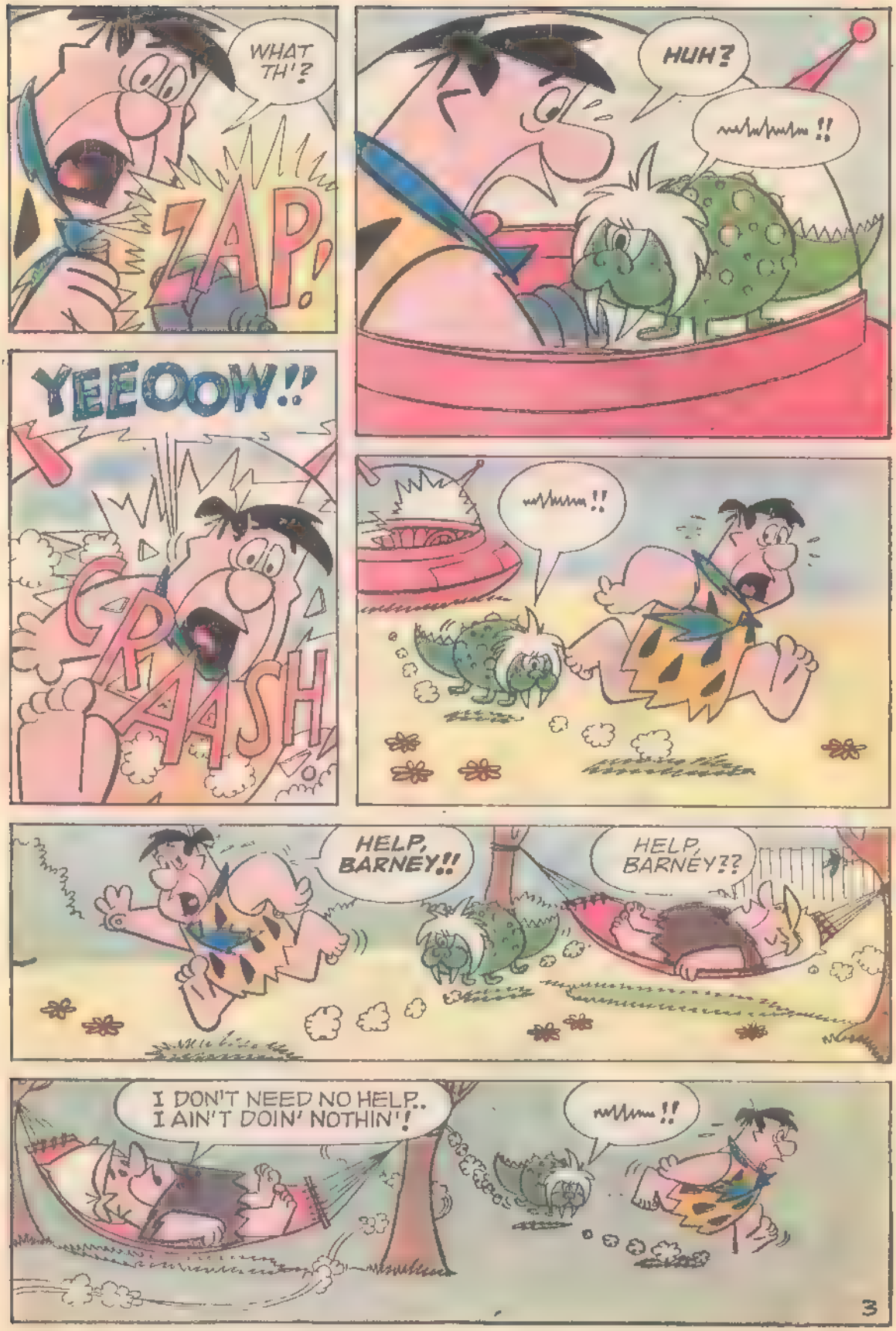

THE GREAT GAZOO IN A STEW
HEY, GAZOO... WILMA'S MAKING BRONTOSAURUS STEW! HOW ABOUT HAVIN' DINNER WITH US?
BRONTOSAURUS STEW? IS THAT WHAT I SMELL?
© 5 33
FLINTSTONE, YOU PEOPLE HAVE NEVER TASTED DECENT COOKING!...
UNTIL YOU HAVE TASTED MY GLRLXX SOUFFLE, YOU HAVE NOT LIVED!.. AND MY SPECIALTY IS GRILLED MULREX IN ZALAZAL SAUCE!
1

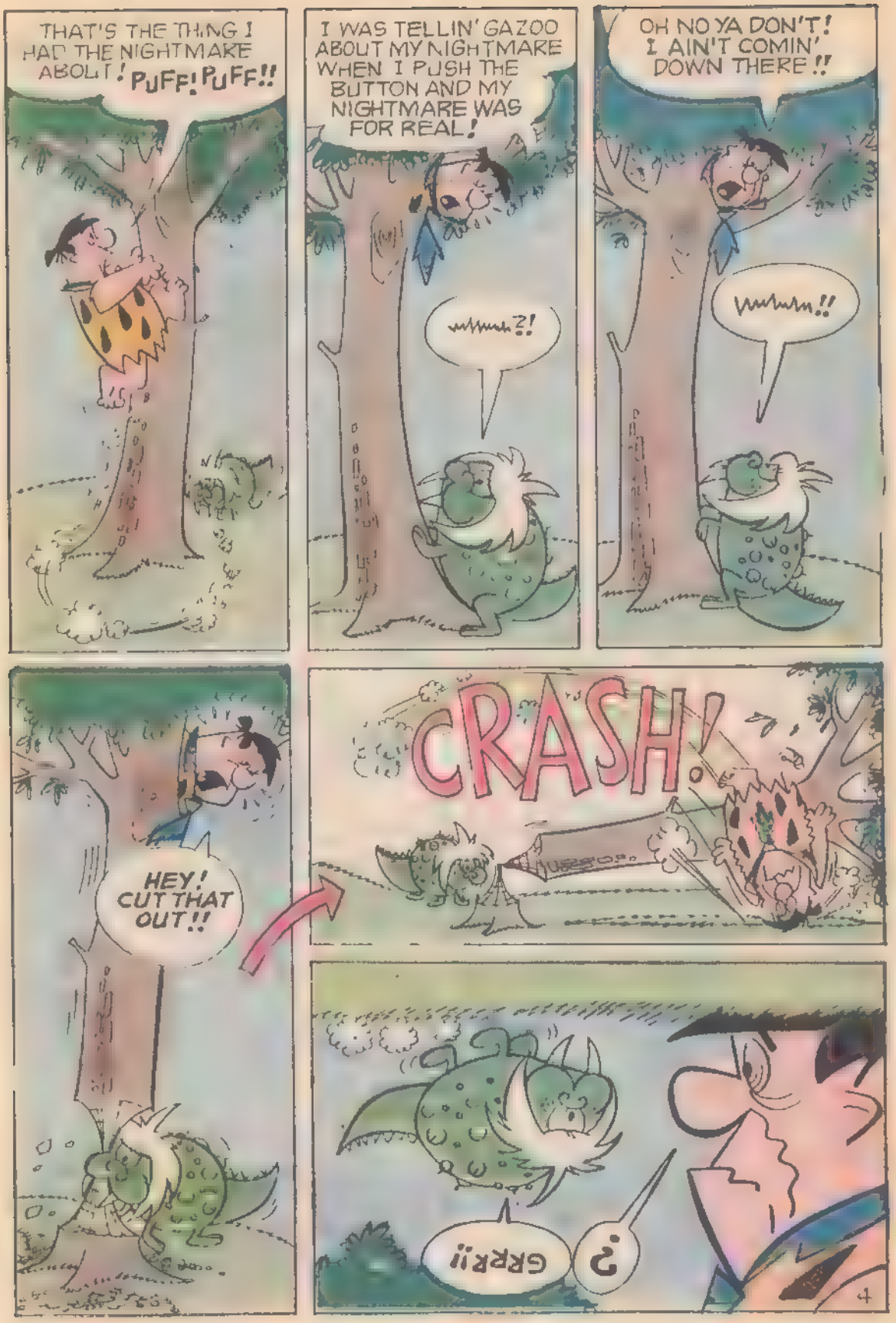

ZALAZAL SAUCE? WHAT'S THAT, GAZOO?
IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD, FATSO!
FRED, DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU?
VANISH, GAZOO!
SHE CAN'T SEE ME, DUMMY!
I'VE GOT THE BRONTOSAURUS STEW ON THE STOVE, FRED! WATCH IT FOR AN HOUR, WILL YOU? I WANT TO CHAT WITH BETTY!
ER... YEAH, GO AHEAD, WILMA!
SHE'S GOING, FRED!
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, NEEDLE-BEAK!
QUICK!! START COOKIN'!
FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO HAVE THE INGREDIENTS!
HMM... I NEED A TURCKEN, SOME SPARLIC, AND A PINCH OF BLUNION.
THAT SHOULD DO IT!!
DON'T FORGET TH' ZALAZAL SAUCE!
ZAP!
2

FLINTSTONE, I'M FAMED THROUGH THE GALAXIES FOR MY ZALAZAL SAUCE!
I CAN'T WAIT!
IT'S NEARLY READY! PREPARE FOR A TREAT!
HURRY UP! WILMA WILL BE BACK SOON!
I'LL GIVE YOU A DOUBLE PORTION, FREDDY!
WELL? SUPERB, IS IT NOT?
SLURP!
OH,OH! PERHAPS I WAS A TRIFLE RECKLESS WITH THE ZALAZAL SAUCE!
WILMA, THIS IS THE BEST BRONTOSAURUS STEW I EVER TASTED!
THE END

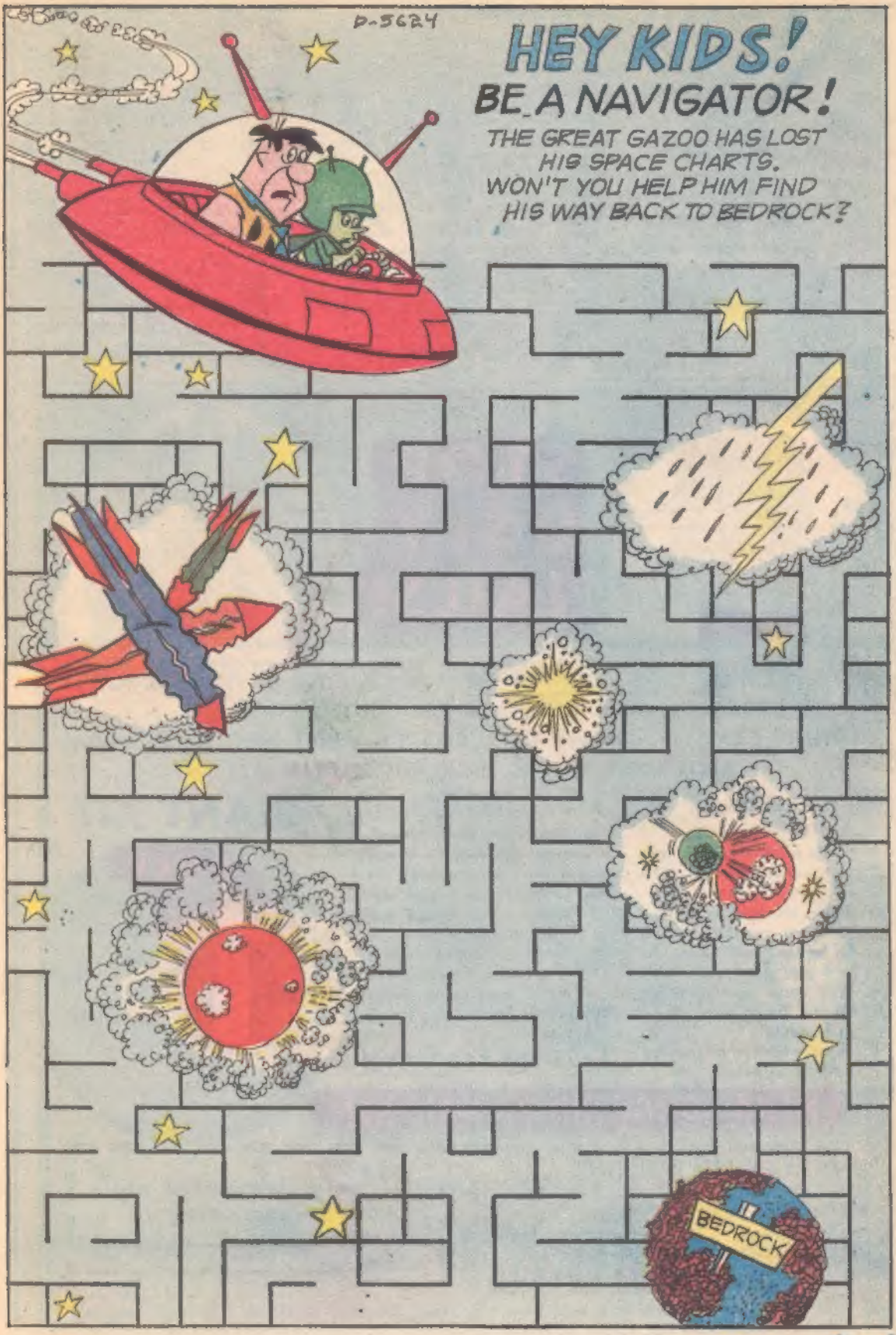

THE GREAT GAZOO in
DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?
I FEEL LIKE TAKIN' A LITTLE NAP, NEEDLE-NOSE! SNAP YER FINGERS AN' MAKE SOME SHADE!
IF MY SUPERIORS ON ZILTOX HAD NOT DECREED THAT I SERVE YOU AND THAT OTHER IDIOT, RUBBLE, AS PUNISHMENT FOR MY SINS, YOU POT-BELLIED, PICKLE-NOSE....
D-5530
UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE NO CHOICE... I MUST DO EXACTLY WHAT FAT FRED SAYS...NO MATTER HOW IDIOTIC!
ZAP!
WHAT BITTER GALL! I, THE SUPREME SCIENTIST OF ZILTOX, A PLANET FAR MORE CIVILIZED THAN THIS BACKWARD SPHERE! LOOK AT THIS ELECTRONIC SIMULATOR!
WITH THIS DEVICE, MERELY THINKING OF AN OBJECT WILL CAUSE THAT OBJECT TO ACTUALLY EXIST!
1

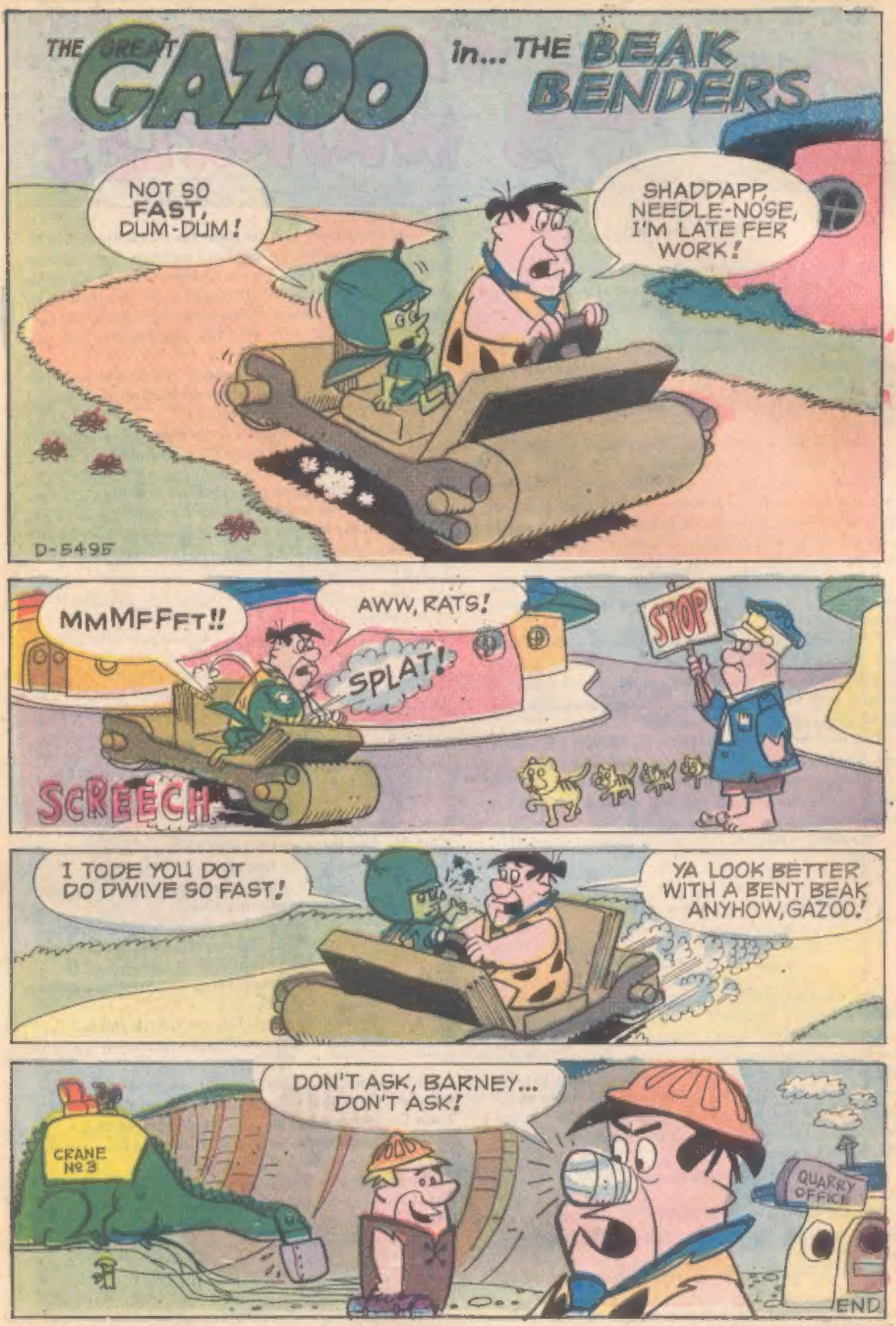

THE OPERATOR POINTS THE SIMULATOR AT ANOTHER OBJECT... CONCENTRATES ON WHAT HE WISHES TO CREATE...AND PRESSES THE BUTTON. THE SIMULATOR CHANGES THE ORIGINAL THING TO THAT WHICH THE OPERATOR IMAGINES!
YAAAAGGH!!
THAT'S FAT-HEAD FREDDY!
IT'S AFTER ME, NEEDLE-NOSE, HELP!!
YOU SUFFER SOMNIAL DELUSIONS...
YOU'RE HAVING A NIGHTMARE!
HEY! THERE ISN'T ROOM IN HERE, FLINTSTONE!
OH, YES, THERE IS!!
SLAM
LEMME TELL YA ABOUT MY NIGHT-MARE, GREENY-MEANY! IT HAD ONE BIG EYE, TWO LONG FANGS, WARTS ALL OVER, AND SHORT STUBBY LEGS!
I CAN SEE IT AS CLEAR AS THIS FUNNY LOOKIN' GADGET!!
NO, DON'T!
2


WHAT TH'?
ZAP!
HUH?
!!
YEEOOW!!
CRAASH!
!!
HELP, BARNEY!!
HELP, BARNEY??
I DON'T NEED NO HELP.. I AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN'!
!!


THAT'S THE THING I HAD THE NIGHTMARE ABOUT! PUFF! PUFF!!
I WAS TELLIN' GAZOO ABOUT MY NIGHTMARE WHEN I PUSH THE BUTTON AND MY NIGHTMARE WAS FOR REAL!
mmm?!
OH NO YA DON'T! I AIN'T COMIN' DOWN THERE!!
mmmm!!
HEY! CUT THAT OUT!!
CRASH!
GRRR!!
?

LOOKS LIKE FRED IS HAVIN' ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!
I WISH HE'D KEEP 'EM TO HIMSELF!
MAYBE HE WON'T FOLLOW ME BACK INTO GAZOO'S SPACE SHIP!
OMIGOSH!! IT D-DID FOLLOW ME!
!?
I W-WISH THE GREAT GAZOO WAS HERE!
ZAP!
G-GAZOO! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! I HAD THIS HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE AN'....
HOLD IT!! GET AWAY FROM THAT SIMULATOR BEFORE YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD!
THE END


D-5624
HEY KIDS!
BE A NAVIGATOR!
THE GREAT GAZOO HAS LOST HIS SPACE CHARTS. WON'T YOU HELP HIM FIND HIS WAY BACK TO BEDROCK?
BEDROCK


THE GREAT GAZOO in... THE BEAK BENDERS
NOT SO FAST, DUM-DUM!
SHADDAPP, NEEDLE-NOSE, I'M LATE FER WORK!
D-5495
MMMFFFT!!
AWW, RATS!
SPLAT!
STOP
SCREECH
I TODE YOU DOT DO DWIVE SO FAST!
YA LOOK BETTER WITH A BENT BEAK ANYHOW, GAZOO!
DON'T ASK, BARNEY... DON'T ASK!
CRANE Nº 3
QUARRY OFFICE
END

# TWINKLES AND WRINKLES

### *The Art Museum*

My friend, Frank Carone, is a guide in our Municipal Art Museum. He always has a lot of stories to tell me when we get together about how people act when they come to look at paintings.

"There are times when I am not certain whether some people are just plain dumb or perhaps had a bit too much to drink. I see this fellow looking at "Sunset" by Marieu. He looks at it from all angles. Then he calls me over.

"I know that is just one fried egg. But where are the slices of bacon. I'm hungry. I want to eat it."

Then one morning a woman runs over to me. She tells me that a man is standing on his head. I go over and sure enough there he is standing on his head. Upside down, he is looking at "Creation" by Watson the impressionist painter.

"What's the big idea?" I want to know. "You can see this picture standing on your two legs, not on your head."

"Just want to see if I can make sense of what he's got painted. Maybe the picture was hung upside down. I can't turn the picture around, so I turn myself around. Still can't figure it out. All I see are blotches of paint on good, very good canvas."

This woman comes over to me and tells me to follow her. She stops and points out something to me.

"Who painted that picture? I swear it looks just like my face. He had no right to paint my face without my permission."

"Madam," I tell her, "you are looking at yourself in a mirror."

******

### *Fearless*

"The man we want for this special assignment must be absolutely fearless," began Dr. Hans Munchenheimer of the Space Program. "Unfortunately, there is no allowance in our budget for this work. So he will get only $50.00 a month. He will leave with us in two days on Space Ship Tirinius I. He will have to go outside of the hull and check and repair breaks in the hull. Should he fall off, he will float in space for eternity. Shall I go on?"

"Of course," said the young man, "I am fearless. I am your man."

"Should we run short of oxygen, he will be the first one to give up his supply. You realize what this means?"

"Don't let it bother you," smiled the young man. "Can't you see I am the man for this assignment?"

"And when we finally land on Mars, he will have the assignment of being the first one to leave our space ship to explore the surrounding terrain. If attacked by any form of life there, he must not fight back; but conquer by sheer will of his personality. Do you understand that?"

"I do," said the young man. "Whatever task you give to me on the trip or when we land on the planet. I will follow carefully and calmly."

"Have you had any previous experience either on planes or on space ships?" demanded Dr. Hans Muchenheimer.

"None whatsoever," explained the young man, "but I have an urgent reason for wanting this assignment. My mother - in - law moved in with us this Tuesday." . . .

******

### *The Medium*

"I have been told that you can contact the spirits of the departed ones and that they will speak," said Mrs. Dummerwitt.

"I will only say this," replied the medium. "If I fail and you are the one to decide then you need not pay me. Is that fair?"

"Couldn't ask for a better deal," smiled Mrs. Dummerwitt. "I want you to contact my husband, Carl. He died three months ago. I want to know where he hid the key to the strongbox. That is all."

Slowly the lights in the room became dimmer and dimmer. Then the medium spoke.

"Wherever you are, Carl, I ask you to come into this room. Your wife is here. She has a question to ask you. So come from the spirit world. You will return."

Slowly a white form was taking the shape of a man. It came closer and closer.

"Ah, my husband, Carl. Tell me where you hid the key to the strongbox. We can't get a locksmith to open it."

Three times Mrs. Dummerwitt repeated the same question, and three times she received no answer. Then the lights went on. The medium was sad.

"I failed, so there is no charge. I am not a fake as you can see."

"I will pay you because you are not a fake," said Mrs. Dummerwitt. "My fault. I should have told you that my husband would never say anything in the presence of a stranger."

******